

MEN WHO DEFY DEATH FOR A LIVING!

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# DANGER

IS OUR BUSINESS!

10¢ NO. 1 ANC





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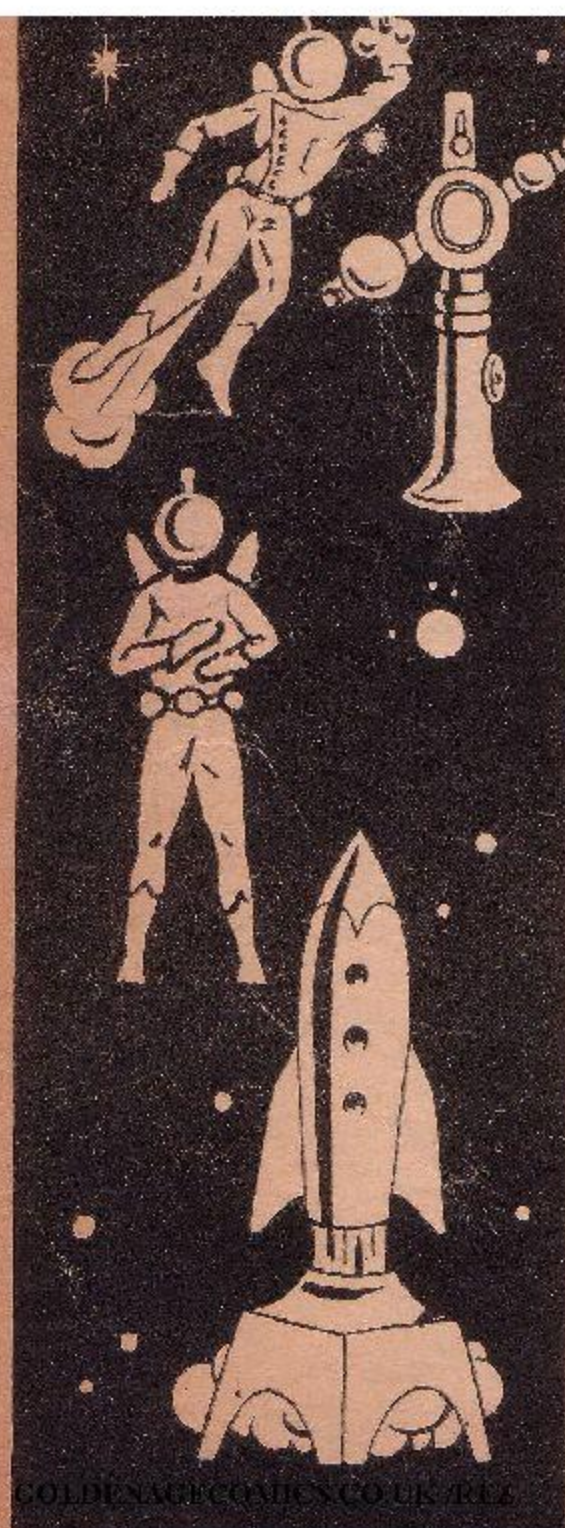
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**Toby Press**

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### **MOST AMAZING SPACE KIT IN THE UNIVERSE!**

Hey Kids, here's a complete Space Patrol Kit for you to lead. You can be squadron leader and direct **SPACE BATTLES** . . . deploy your rocket ships . . . send them into **SPACE**.

Now you can try to pioneer unexplored planets using your solar-powered space-mobile. You can try setting up interplanetary observatories, laboratories and radar detecting units . . . Imagine using your cosmic ray neutralizer as protection against deadly cosmic rays . . . Imagine talking to other planets hundreds of light years away. Chase flying saucers and flying discs. Track down Martian spies and rescue 4 Astra Space Beauties. You get a complete squadron . . . 2 spaceport hangars with rocket launchers that you can actually launch 19 rockets into space with — an interplanetary refueler, giant rocket ships, smaller rocket ships, Rocket Men — Mars Men — Beautiful Astra Girls. Every piece is perfectly scaled and is made of long life VINYL.

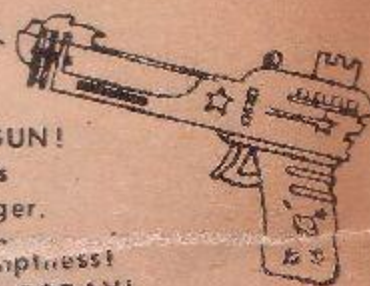
2 Rocket Launchers • 4 Martian Spies  
• 16 Space Men • 4 Astra Beauties  
• 2 Space Transports • 2 Refueling  
Stations • 1 Spacemobile • 2 Moon  
Rockets • 1 Flying Saucer • 1 Flying  
Disc • 2 Rocket Ships • 1 Set Fuel  
Tanks • 1 Space Badge • 2  
Observatories • 2 Radar Detectors  
• 1 Searchlight • 1 Ray Gun •  
1 Nuclear Laboratory • 1 Ray  
Neutralizer • 1 Mystery Planet •  
1 Transmitter • 19 Rockets

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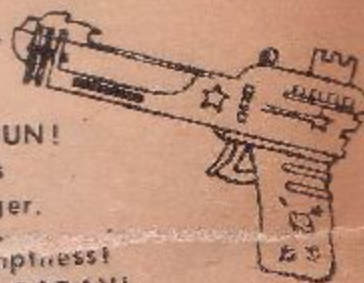
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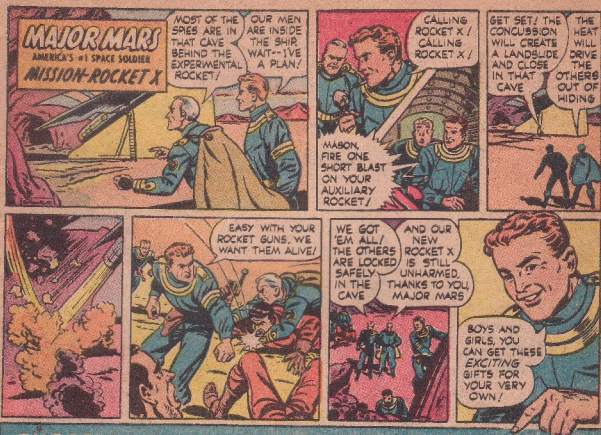
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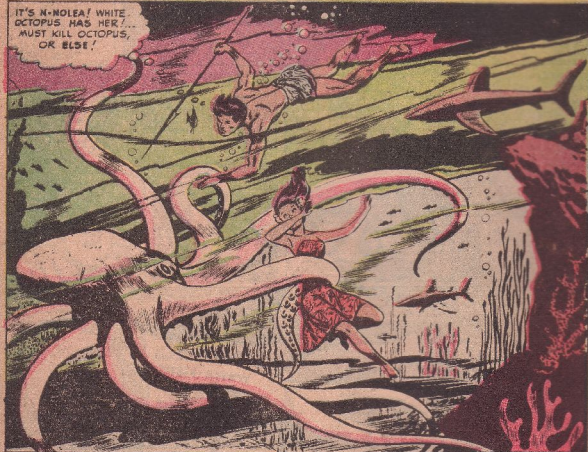
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FUI JOE MAKES A DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO SAVE THE FORTUNES AND LIVES OF HIS COMRADES IN THAT ACCURSED PEARL DIVING GROUNDS JEALOUSLY GUARDED BY...

# The WHITE OCTOPUS

IT'S N-NOLEA! WHITE OCTOPUS HAS HER!... MUST KILL OCTOPUS, OR ELSE!



IN A MOONLIT LAGOON, IN A SHADOW OF AN ISLAND MOUNTAIN, CAPTAIN TRASK, PEARLER AND MURDERER, GAZES ANXIOUSLY AT THE QUIET WATERS...

WHAT IS IT, KOSLA?! WHAT HAPPENS? NOT A SIGN OF THEM! WHERE CAN TWO DIVERS GO FOR TEN MINUTES?!

YOU KNOW THE ANSWER AS WELL AS I, TRASK. IT IS THIS CURSE OF THE WHITE OCTOPUS!

BUSHWA! SCREW ON THIS HEAD-PIECE! I'LL HAVE A LOOK FOR THEM MYSELF!

GOOD, MANGHAM! I DON'T BELIEVE IN THIS SUPERSTITION, EITHER! IF YOU ASK ME, IT'S JUST A SCHEME HATCHED BY THE CHIEF OF THE MALATEA TRIBE TO KEEP ONLY HIS DIVERS BUSY!

FOR MANGHAM'S SAKE, I HOPE YOU ARE RIGHT!...



BUT I HAVE BEEN IN THE ISLANDS TOO LONG. A CURSE IS A CURSE HERE! SUPERSTITION WORKS... THE IMPOSSIBLE BECOMES POSSIBLE. MOCK IT ALL YOU

LIKE, TRASK, I WOULD NOT DIVE HERE FOR A MILLION EGG-SIZED PEARLS! YOU ARE A COWARD, KOSLA--IF THE CHIEF'S DIVERS CAN DIVE DOWN AND COME UP WITH PEARLS, SO CAN MY DIVERS--AND NO TRIBUTE PAID TO THE CHIEF, EITHER!



I CAN'T SEE ANYTHING YET, KOSLA--PLAY OUT MORE LINE...

WHAT DOES MANGHAM SAY?

HE WANTS TO GO DEEPER. HE'S A FOOL. ANY MAN'S A FOOL TO DEFEY A CURSE!



CURSE? NONSENSE! IT'S A STUPID MYSTIFICATION, A NAIVE TRICK TO GIVE THE MALATEA'S THE SOLE MONOPOLY OVER THESE PEARL BEDS!

CALL IT WHAT YOU LIKE... WHEN THE CHIEF'S DIVERS COME UP AN' OURS DON'T, I CALL IT A CURSE AN' I WANT NONE OF IT!



SUDDENLY...

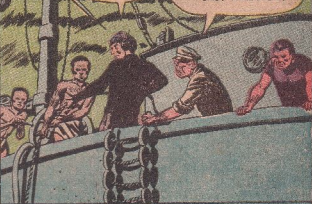


KOSLA! GET ME!! I-I'M TRAPPED!

K-KOSLA! I--EEAAA!

NO GOOD PULLIN'! SOMETHIN' IS KEEPIN' MANGHAM DOWN! HE'S A GONER, LIKE THE OTHERS!

NO! I WON'T STAND FOR IT! I WON'T BE CHEATED! I'LL LEARN THE SECRET OF THESE DIVING GROUNDS, IF I HAVE TO KILL EVERY LAST MALATEA!



BUT THE NEXT MORNING, AS THE MALATEAN DIVERS FAIL TO SHOW UP FOR WORK...

BETEL-CHEWING TRASH! I'LL FIX THEM, KOSLA! GO ASHORE! TELL THE CHIEF THAT IF HIS DIVERS DON'T REPORT FOR WORK, I'LL SEE HIM IN JAIL!

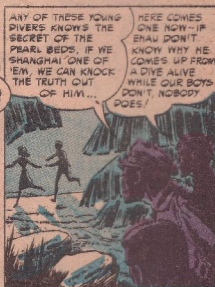
HUH!--I GET ALL THE DIRTY WORK...



CHIEF, BOSS MAN ANGRY. DIVERS NO DIVE. CONTRACT SAY YOU DIVE OR ELSE GO TO JAIL. WE MAKE TROUBLE IF DIVERS NO GO SHIP.

MALATEAS NO DIVE. BOSS MAN, BREAK CONTRACT. WE WATCH FROM MOUNTAIN LAST NIGHT, BOSS MAN SEND DOWN DIVERS. DIVERS NO COME UP, CURSE GET THEM!





SHORTLY AFTER, AS FINE JOE WAITS FOR HIS FRIENDS TO REAPPEAR...



TRASK'S BOAT!...MAKING SWIFT FOR SEAS. WHY TRASK LAND HERE TONIGHT?

MINUTES LATER, AS FINE JOE FINDS EHAU'S FALLEN KNIFE...



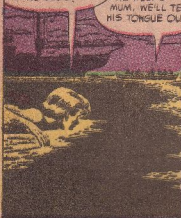
FIGHT SIGNS! MANY FOOT PRINTS-- SOME WITH SAGES! EHAU!-- AND NOLEA! TRASK KIDNAP THEM! I MUST FOLLOW--

THEY BE IN TRASK ROWBOAT! BUT WHY? UNLESS...YES...TRASK TORTURE EHAU FOR SECRET OF MALATEA PEARL BEDS!

WE'LL GIVE THE BUGGER A CHANCE TO SPILL THE SECRET! IF HE KEEPS MUM, WE'LL TEAR HIS TONGUE OUT!

OKAY EHAU--GIVE US THE SECRET OF THE WHITE OCTOPUS LAGOON! YOU WON'T LIKE THE WAY WE'LL PULL IT OUT OF YOU BY FORCE! SECRET BELONG MALATEA TRIBE. IF SECRET TOLD, ANYBODY COMES--STEAL FROM PEARL BEDS--MALATEA DIVERS STARVE.

YOU WON'T STARVE, YOU CRUWWT KANAKA! YOU'LL DIE! OUT WITH THE SECRET OR I'LL KICK YOUR BRAINS IN! BEAST! LEAVE EHAU ALONE!



SAY THAT'S A GOOD IDEA. I'M PICKING ON THE WRONG CHARACTER, MAYBE YOU KNOW THE SECRET SWEET-HEART, EHE MAYBE YOU CAN'T STAND A TWISTED ARM?



OWWW!

DEVIL! LET NOLEA GO!

I HEARD ENOUGH OUT OF THAT SWILL! SHUT HIM UP FOR GOOD! WE'LL TWIST THE TRUTH OUT OF THE GIRL!

EHAU! YOU SHOULD'VE SPOKE WHEN YOU HAD THE CHANCE!

EHAU! (GASP!) THEY KILL HIM!



THUD! FOR CRACK!



KOSLA! DON'T FIGHT HIM! HE'S TRAPPED! -- FIJI JOE! THE GIRL DIES IF YOU DON'T SURRENDER! I'LL COUNT TO THREE -- ONE -- TWO --

FIJI JOE GIVE UP! YOU ARE MAN-EATING WHITE OCTOPUS... WITH TWO ARMS!!

YOU BET I AM! NOTHING STOPS J.C. TRASK WHEN HE SMELLS MONEY! GET THIS, FIJI JOE! I KILLED EHAU AND I'LL KILL THE GIRL IF YOU DON'T SPILL THE SECRET OF THE PEARL BEDS!



BUT A HALF HOUR LATER IN TRASK'S CABIN --

HOW DO WE KNOW FIJI JOE AIN'T LYIN' ABOUT THERE BEIN' ICY COLD DRAFTS THAT CHILL AN' PARALYZE ANY DIVER WHO DON'T KNOW WHICH CURRENTS ARE DEADLY?

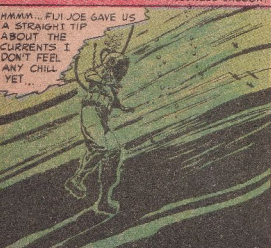
WE DON'T KNOW, KOSLA. THAT'S WHY YOU'LL KEEP AN EYE ON FIJI JOE WHILE I'M BELOW WITH THE BOYS!



YOU'D BETTER BE RIGHT ABOUT THESE ICY CURRENTS WHICH GIVE DIVERS CRAMPS, FIJI JOE YOU'LL DIE IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO ME DOWN THERE!



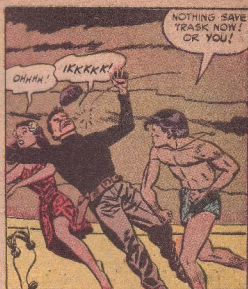
MINUTES LATER, AS CAPTAIN TRASK PLUNGED TOWARD THE BOTTOM OF THE ACCURSED LAGOON!



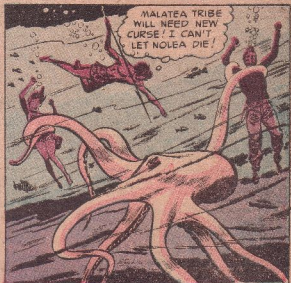
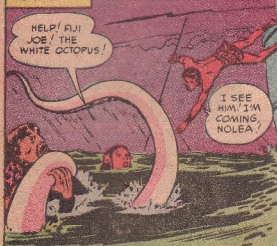
BUT A DOZEN YARDS FURTHER DOWN...

FOR HEAVENS SAKE! GIANT CLAMS! ALL OVER THE SEA BED! -- GIANT CLAMS! -- MANGHAM! -- HE'S STILL TRAPPED HERE SINCE LAST NIGHT! KOSLA -- FOR THE LOVE OF HEAVEN -- PULL ME UP!!

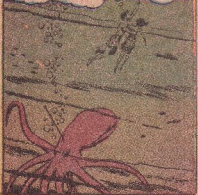




BUT AS WHITE TENTACLES BREAK THE SURFACE OF THE WATER, FIJI JOE SEIZES A HARPOON FROM THE DECK...

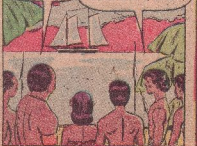


TOO LATE TRASK KNOWS THAT GIANT CLAMS COVER MALATEA PEARL BEDS. THAT MALATEA DIVERS ALONE CAN WALK BETWEEN CLAMS. THAT THIEVES DIVE TO THEIR DEATHS...TRAPPED IN THE CLAMS!



LATER, AS THE SUN RISES OVER THE CALM SEA...

THEY SAIL AWAY, THOSE WHO ARE LEFT. THEY KNOW NOT THAT THE WHITE OCTOPUS CAME FORTH ONLY AT NIGHT TO EAT WHATEVER IS TRAPPED IN THE CLAMS. THEREFORE NO MALATEA DIVES AT NIGHT. THAT WAS OUR SECRET.



FOR TRASK AND HIS DEVILS NO TELL IT. NOT EVEN TO FISHES THAT SWIM PAST THEM. FOR DEAD MEN SPEAK NOT OF EVIL THAT DESTROY THEM!



# DEATH ON THE WATERFRONT

EVER SEE A 'SHAPE-UP'? IT'S A HANGOVER FROM THE DAYS OF SLAVERY BUT THAT'S HOW MEN ARE HIRED ON THE TEEMING TOUGH... AND DANGEROUS WATERFRONTS OF THE BIG CITY... THE MEN LINE UP... WAITING FOR A NOD FROM THE HIRING BOSS... THE NOD THAT MEANS A DAY'S WORK...



HEY YOU... KID!  
WANNA JOB?

HUH?? JOB...?  
YEAH... YEAH,  
I'LL WORK...



DOCK 45... HEY, WHAT'S EATIN' YOU?  
COP'S ON YOUR TAIL?

WHAT DO YOU  
WANT FOR A DAY'S PAY...  
MY LIFE HISTORY?



HE'S PERFECT... RIGHT  
HEIGHT AND BUILD AND  
DUMB... PLENTY DUMB!!



AWRIGHT... START  
SWEATIN', KID... WE  
GOTTA GET THIS  
TUB UNLOADED  
BY FIVE!

FIRST DAY ON THE DOCK, HUH, KID?  
WELL, DON'T STRAIN YERSELF...THEY  
DON'T GIVE NO BONUSES AROUND  
THIS SEWER FOR BAD BACKS!

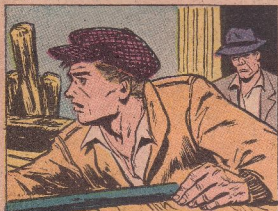
THANKS FOR THE ADVICE  
...WHAT IS THIS JUNK  
WE'RE UNLOADING?



QUESTIONS WE DON'T ASK...  
ALL WE GOTTA DO IS LIFT 'EM  
UP AND DUMP 'EM WHERE  
THEY WANT 'EM...



THE BOY WORKED HARD...NERVOUSLY...OCCASIONALLY LIFTING FURTIVE, HAUNTED EYES TOWARD THE DOCK, AS THOUGH SEARCHING FOR SOMEBODY HE FEARED...



IT'S THE CASE MARKED XXX...MAKE  
SURE THE KID GETS  
IT. CATCH?



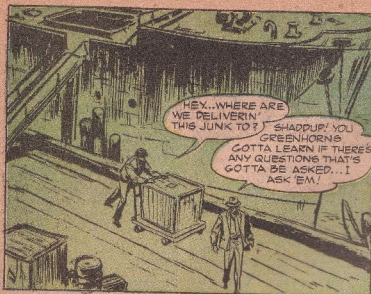
HEY...YOU... GRAB THAT CASE...AND  
DON'T START JUGGLIN' IT...IT'S GOT...  
VALUABLE MERCHANDISE IN IT!

O.K.!



FOLLOW ME!





HEY...WHERE ARE WE DELIVERIN' THIS JUNK TO? SHADDUP! YOU GREENHORNS GOTTA LEARN IF THERE'S ANY QUESTIONS THAT'S GOTTA BE ASKED...I ASK 'EM!



LOOK I'M SUPPOSED TO BE WORKIN' ON THE DOCK... NOT PLAYIN' TAXI TO THIS HUNKA WORK... FROM HERE ON...YOU PUSH!

WHY YOU LITTLE PUNK!



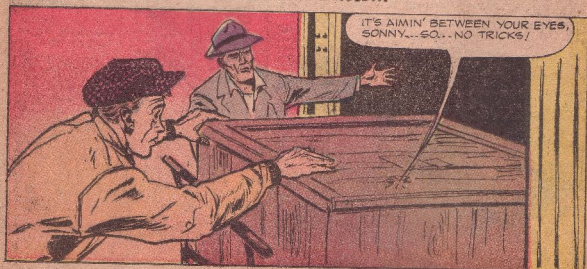
IT AIN'T SAFE FOR ME TO BE WANDERIN' SO FAR...S...SO...

WHAT'S THE MATTER, KID?...YOU LOOK LIKE YOU SEEN A GHOST!



MOVE, DOPE...OR I'LL BLOW YOUR SPINE ALL OVER THE DOCK!

THE VOICE THAT ECHOED HOLLOWLY FROM THE CASE...LIKE THE SOUND OF A DOOMED SOUL SEALED IN SOME WOODEN PURGATORY...FOLLOWED THE BOY AS HE PUSHED HIS BURDEN TOWARD THE DESERTED WAREHOUSE...



IT'S AIMIN' BETWEEN YOUR EYES, SONNY...SO...NO TRICKS!

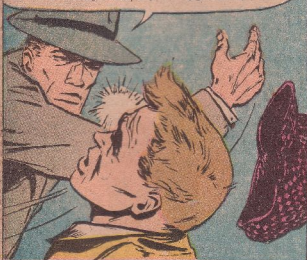
PRODDED BY THE UNSEEN CAPTOR...THE BOY RUSHES THE CASE INTO A DARK CORNER OF THE GLOOMY WAREHOUSE...THE GRINNING, MOCKING EYES OF THE DOCK BOSS, FIXED ON HIS ASHEN FACE...

ALL RIGHT...THIS IS OK.... NOW YOU.....  
START STRIPPIN' DOWN.

N.NO...YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND!



ALWAYS WITH THE ARGUMENT.... HE SAID TAKE  
OFF THEM CLOTHES, DIDN'T YOU HEAR ?



LOOK! HE SHOULDN'T  
TAKE THESE CLOTHES  
...HE OUGHT TO...

ONE MORE ARGU-  
MENT, AND YOU'RE  
FOR THE RIVER, PAL.

NOW GET 'EM OFF...  
YOU O.K., BOSS?

YEAH...YEAH... BUT  
GET ME OUTTA HERE  
QUICK!



ANOTHER HOUR IN THAT COFFIN, AND I'D CROAKED...  
GIMME THEM CLOTHES, KID...BUT FAST!

YEAH, BOSS...

YOU GOTTA MAKE TIME OUTTA  
THIS PART OF TOWN...THEM  
NOSEY IMMIGRATION GUYS  
SOMETIMES COME SNOOPIN'  
AROUND HERE.

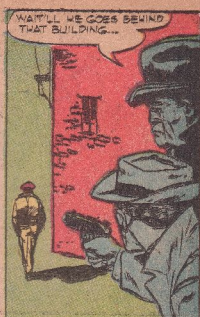


FIVE YEARS AGO THEY DEPORTED ME,  
THE CRUMMY RATS...WELL, I'M BACK NOW.  
...BACK IN BUSINESS...THIS TIME THEY'LL  
HARTA KILL ME BEFORE THEY GET ME  
ON ANOTHER BOAT OUTTA HERE!

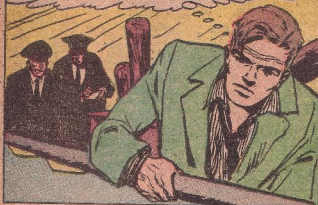
I'M TELLIN' YOU MISTER...  
YOU OUGHTN'TA WEAR  
MY CLOTHES!







THEY WON'T LISTEN TO ME... I TRIED TO TELL THEM  
...BUT THEY WON'T BELIEVE ME... MAYBE... THIS IS  
THE WAY IT WAS MEANT TO BE...



SUDDENLY THE SHARP CRACK OF GUN-  
FIRE TEARS APART THE STILLNESS OF  
THE AFTERNOON... THE AGONIZED CRY  
OF PAIN AS A BULLET TEARS THROUGH  
HUMAN TISSUE....



NOBODY QUILTS ON MIKE GARCIA, LITTLE MAN...  
YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE THAT WHEN WE TOLD  
YOU... NOW YOU AIN'T GOT NO CHOICE.



IT... AIN'T THE KID! IT  
LOOKS LIKE... YEAH  
... IT'S...

IT'S SERVO!! THE BIG  
SHOT THEY DEPORTED  
FIVE YEARS AGO... I...  
I DON'T GET IT!!



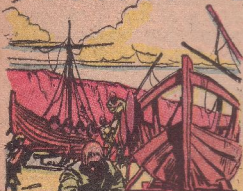
THAT'S WHAT THE KID WAS  
TRYIN' T' TELL ME... WELL...  
I GOT... BACK... ANYWAY.



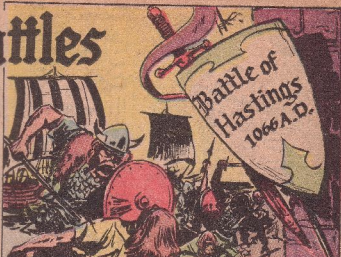
MAYBE I'LL HAVE ANOTHER CHANCE IN ANOTHER  
COUNTRY... MAYBE I WON'T MAKE THE SAME  
MISTAKES... I'LL... WHO KNOWS? I'LL TRY!



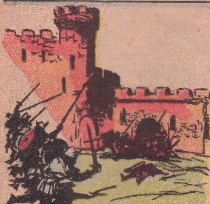
# Famous Battles



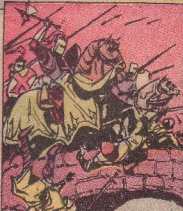
IN THE SUMMER OF 1066, KING HAROLD FACED TWO THREATS. WILLIAM, THE FRENCH DUKE OF NORMANDY WAS BUILDING A FLEET AT ST. VALÉRY ACROSS THE CHANNEL.



MEANWHILE, IN THE NORTH, HAROLD'S REBEL BROTHER, EARL TOSTIG HAD LEAGUED HIMSELF WITH HADRADA, THE GREEDY KING OF NORWAY. TOGETHER THEY ATTACKED ENGLAND'S EAST COAST!



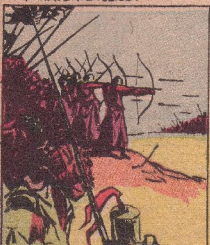
ON SEPT. 20, 1066, THE ENGLISH EARLS OF MERCEA AND NORTHUMBRIA, DEFENDING THE EAST COAST FOR HAROLD, WERE CRUSHED BY HADRADA, AND THE CITY OF YORK WAS UNDER SIEGE.



KING HAROLD'S ARMY MARCHED NORTHEAST, AND 7 MILES SOUTH OF YORK, AT STAMFORD BRIDGE ON THE DERWENT RIVER, ANNIHILATED THE INVADERS! TOSTIG AND HADRADA WERE KILLED! OF 300 BOATS USED IN THE INVASION, ONLY 24 RETURNED TO NORWAY.



BUT THE DUKE OF NORMANDY AND HIS ARMY OF ROBBER BARONS... KNIGHTS WHO JOINED HIS FORCE ONLY FOR THE SPOILS AND LANDS THEY WOULD GAIN, TOOK ADVANTAGE OF HAROLD'S ABSENCE AND CROSSED THE ENGLISH CHANNEL, WREAKING CRUELTY AND MISERY WHEREVER THEY WENT.



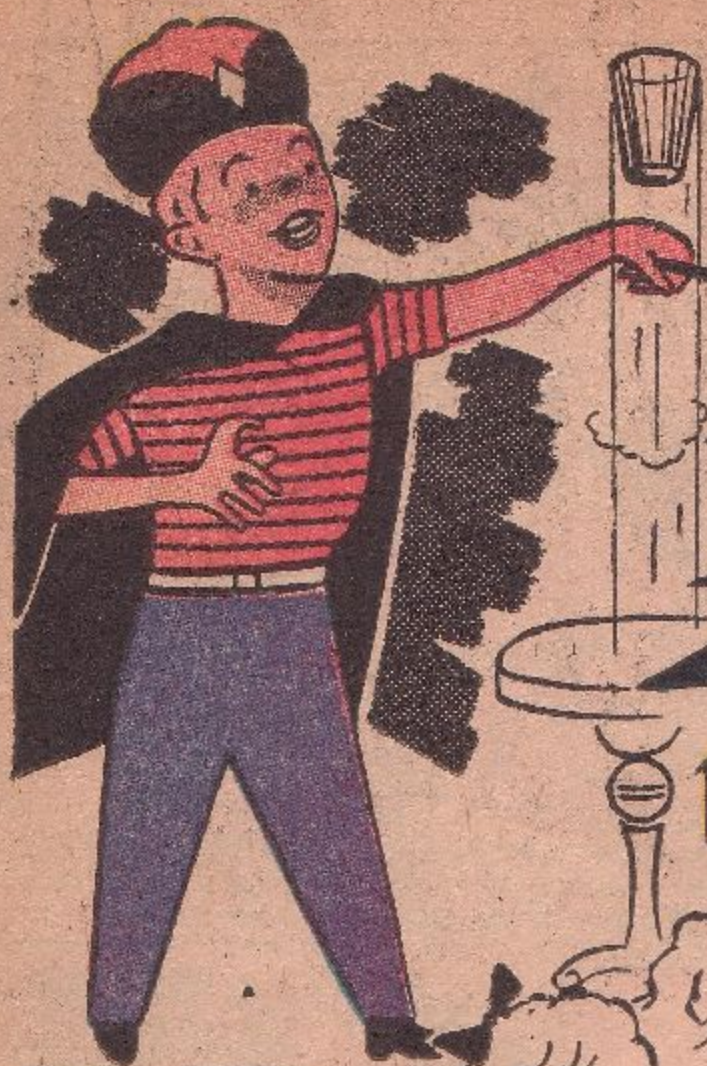
HIS HEART TORN BY REPORTS OF FRENCH TYRANNY, HAROLD HEADED OFF THE NORMAN ARMY AT HASTINGS.



ALTERNATING ARCHERY BARAGES AND DEVASTATING CAVALRY ATTACKS, THE FRENCH CUT THE ENGLISH FOOT-SOLDIERS TO PIECES!



WITH HAROLD HIMSELF SLAIN BY AN ARROW, THE EXHAUSTED ENGLISH INFANTRYMEN WERE OVERWHELMED. IT WAS NOT TILL OCT. 25, 1151, AT AGINCOURT, 400 YEARS LATER, THAT THE ENGLISH RECOVERED FROM THE DEFEAT AT HASTINGS TO DRIVE THE FRENCH OUT OF ENGLISH AFFAIRS FOREVER!



# COMPLETE BAFFLING MAGIC OUTFIT

## 20 First Class Illusions

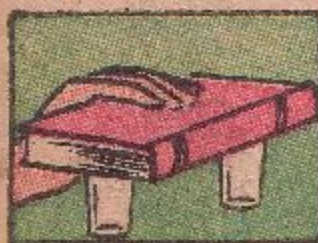
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BE A MAGICIAN — FOOL AND DELIGHT THEM WITH  
A FULL 2 HOUR MYSTERY SHOW

**\$1**  
Only



**ROPE TRICK**—Cut it in half, yet it is still in one piece and other surprises—yours only with this offer.



**GRAVITY**—Defy scientific laws. Seeing is believing. You'll fool them plenty when you know how.



**MAGIC MIRROR**—Spectators will be amazed. With it you read cards, without even looking at them.



**FLYING QUARTER**—Here's one you can do over and over again and make all the guessers look foolish.

Now the top secrets of 20 professional magic tricks are yours to entertain and amaze your friends and make you popular. With this outfit you get 20 exclusive tricks and the secret knowledge of how to easily perform them all for only \$1.00.

### You Alone Will Know These Revealing Secrets

Imagine, by just waving your magic wand and shouting a few magic words you will be able to make things disappear and reappear... imagine your friends and mother and dad all being fooled, surprised and amazed. You'll hold them spell-bound. They will just sit open mouthed with wonderment. They'll be delighted, for it's a barrel of fun for everyone. It's so fascinating and thrilling... BUT... the hidden secrets will be yours, never to reveal. Follow the simple directions and no one will ever catch on.

### No Experience Necessary

The illustrated instructions furnished are so simple you will master all these tricks at once. It's fun practicing too... for here you have a short cut to magic learning that starts you doing tricks right away. You can't go wrong... it's as easy as A, B, C's... AND... the set of 20 exclusive tricks is almost a gift at this limited offer price of \$1.00.

### 10 DAYS FREE TRIAL

You'll agree this 20 piece Magic Set is worth much more than our bargain price of \$1.00; and it is. We want new friends for our other novelty bargains. We want you to try the set, follow the instructions and if not 100% delighted, return it after 10 days free trial for prompt refund of your dollar. Act at once. Sorry, only three to a customer.



### ALL THESE 20 TRICKS INCLUDED

CUT AND RESTORED ROPE	HORSE AND RIDER
FAMOUS PADDLE TRICK	CHINESE LAUNDRY TICKET
RING ON STRING	MIRACLE COIN TRICK
VIS-ESCAPE	QUESTION MARK
MAGIC PINS	GRAPPLES
RING AND COIL	TWISTER TRICK
GRAVITY DEFYER	MASTER CARD LOCATION
MAGIC MIRROR	PLUS 5 CUT-OUT TRICKS

And special illustrated secret instruction booklet.

### RUSH COUPON — MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Honor House Products Corp. Dept. 818  
836 Broadway, New York 3, N. Y.

Rush my Baffling Magic Outfit on approval for only \$1.00. If I am not completely satisfied I may return it after 10 days free trial for prompt refund of full purchase price.

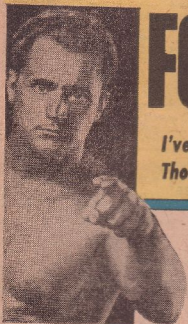
Name.....

Address.....

☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman \$1 on delivery plus a few cents postage.

☐ I enclose \$1 for my MAGIC OUTFIT. The Honor House Products Corp. will pay postage. Same money back guarantee.

# NEW BODIES FOR OLD!



**I've Made New Men Out of  
Thousands of Other Fellows ...**

**"Here's what I did for  
THOMAS MANFRE...and  
what I can do for you!"**

*— Charles Atlas*



**G**IVE me a skinny, peepless, second-rate body—and I'll cram it so full of handsome, bulging new muscle that your friends will grow bug-eyed ... I'll wake up that sleeping energy of yours and make it hum like a high-powered motor! Man, you'll feel and look different! You'll begin to **LIVE!**

**Let Me Make YOU a NEW MAN—  
IN JUST 15 MINUTES A DAY**

You wouldn't believe it, but I myself used to be a 97-lb. weakling. Fellows called me "Skinny." Girls snickered and made fun of me behind my back. I was a flop. THEN I discovered my marvelous new muscle-

building system — "Dynamic Tension." — And it turned me into such a complete specimen of MANHOOD that today I hold the title of "THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN."

**What Is "Dynamic  
Tension"? ... Now  
Does It Work?**

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, strapping fellow smiling back at you—then

you'll realize how fast "Dynamic Tension" GETS RESULTS! And you'll be using the method which many great athletes use for keeping in condition— prize fighters, wrestlers, baseball and football players, etc. etc.

"Dynamic Tension" is the easy, NATURAL method you can practice in the privacy of your own room — JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY—while your scrawny chest and shoulder muscles begin to swell, ripple ... those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge ... and your whole body starts to feel "alive," full of zip and go!

**One Postage Stamp May Change  
Your Whole Life!**

Sure, I gave Thomas Manfre (shown above) a NEW BODY. But he's just one of thousands. I'm steadily building powerful, broad-shouldered, dynamic MEN—day by day—the country over.

3,000,000 fellows, young and old, have already gambled a postage stamp in ask for my FREE book. They wanted to read and see for themselves how I build up "scrawny" bodies, and how I pare down fat, flabby ones—how I turn them into human dynamos of pure MANPOWER.



Atlas Championship Cup  
won by Thomas  
Manfre, one of  
Charles Atlas' pupils.

**ARE YOU**  
skinny and  
run down?  
Always  
tired?  
Nervous?  
Lacking in  
confidence?  
Constipated?  
Suffering  
from bad  
breath?

What to Do  
About It  
is told in my  
free book!

**FREE MY 32-PAGE ILLUSTRATED BOOK YOURS**  
—Not For \$1.00 or 10c—BUT FREE

Send for my famous book "Everlasting Health and Strength," 32 pages crammed with photographs and advice. Shows what "Dynamic Tension" can do for YOU.

This book is a real prize for any fellow who wants a better build. Yet I'll send you a copy absolutely FREE. Just glancing through it may mean the turning point in your whole life! Rush coupon to me personally: Charles Atlas, Dept. 3746, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.



**CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 3746,  
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.**

Send me—absolutely FREE—a copy of your famous book, "Everlasting Health and Strength"—32 pages, crammed with actual photographs, answers to vital health questions, and valuable advice to every man who wants a better build. I understand this book is mine to keep, and sending for it does not obligate me in any way.

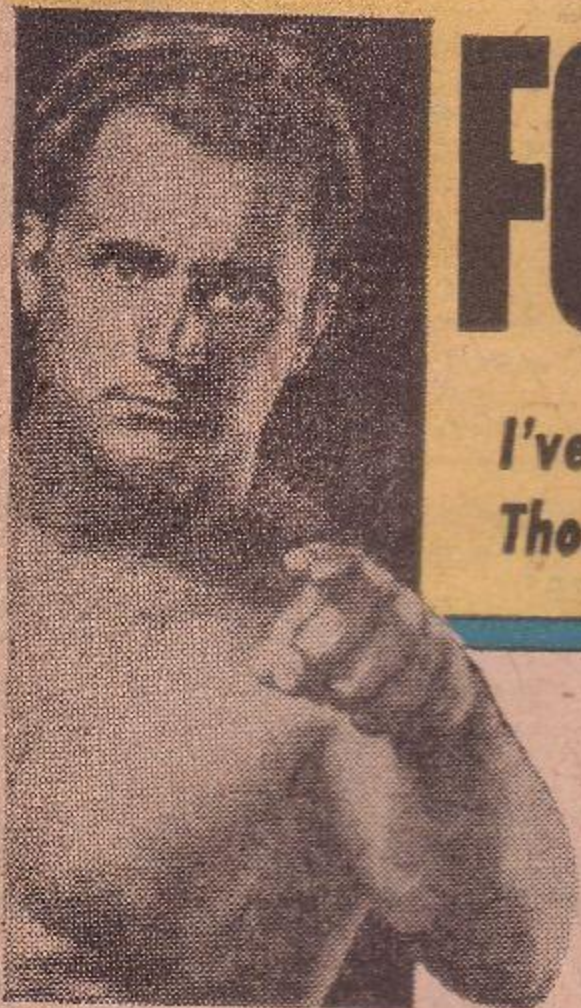
Name ..... Age .....  
(Please print or write plainly)

Address .....

City ..... State .....

☐ If under 14 years of age check here for Booklet A.

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Nervous?  
Lacking in  
Confidence?  
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Suffering  
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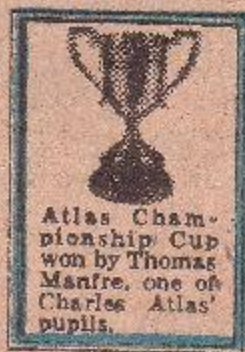
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This book is a real prize for any fellow who wants a better build. Yet I'll send you a copy absolutely FREE just glancing through it may mean the turning point in your whole life! Rush coupon to me personally: Charles Atlas, Dept. 3746, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.



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Name..... Age.....  
(Please print or write plainly)

Address .....

City..... State.....

☐ If under 14 years of age check here for Booklet A.

# "LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVES"

GOODBYE, COME  
SEE ME IN  
TOKYO!

THE UNITED STATES MARINES ARE WORLD FAMOUS FOR THEIR ABILITY TO GET IN AND OUT OF TROUBLE...FAST! THERE ARE TWO LEATHERNECKS WE KNOW THAT HAVE CONTRIBUTED MORE THAN THEIR SHARE TO THIS REPUTATION, WITH THE ONLY DIFFERENCE BEING THAT THEY DON'T NECESSARILY LIMIT THEIR INCREDIBLE (AND HILARIOUS) EXPLOITS TO THE BATTLEFIELD. TO PROTECT THE INNOCENT WE WON'T MENTION ANY NAME, BUT THEIR INITIALS ARE SPIKE DOWDY AND BAT BATTINGSLEY...

YUH CAN  
COUNT ON ME  
GEORGETTE!

I'LL BE  
THERE  
HONEY!

WHAT'RE YOU YELLIN' FOR,  
BAT? GEORGETTE WAS  
CALLIN' TO ME...NOT YOU!

THAT'D BE FUNNY IF IT  
WASN'T SO TRAGIC! WHY  
WOULD GEORGETTE WANT  
A MOPHEAD LIKE YOU TO  
COME SEE HER? I'M THE ONE  
HER CUTE LITTLE HEART  
THROBS FOR!

WHY YOU SMOOTH-FACED DOUBLE-  
TALKIN'-BABOON! THAT LI'L WAVE  
AN' I WERE LIKE THAT UNTIL SHE HAD  
T'GET TRANSFERRED TO TOKYO, I'LL  
PROVE IT! I GOT A TWO-WEEK  
LIBERTY AND I'M GOIN'  
TO VISIT HER!

HA! JUST HOW ARE  
YOU GOING TO GET  
TO JAPAN? YOU'RE  
BROKE! WITH ME

IT'S DIFFERENT, I  
ALSO HAVE ALIBERTY

...PLUS A WALLET FULL OF  
DOUGH! I'M THE GUY WHO'S  
GOING CALLING ON GORGEOUS  
GEORGETTE!

NEL  
KEEGER

YEAH! WELL YOUR DOUGH AIN'T GONNA DO YOU  
NO GOOD IN A HOSPITAL WARD, AN' THAT'S JUST  
WHERE YOU'RE HEADIN' **RIGHT NOW!**

LISTEN  
TO THE  
APE!

I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF YOU MUSCLIN'  
IN ON MY DAMES.

?

THE LOADER WALLET.

HOLD IT! THAT'S MY WALLET!

COME BACK HERE! STEP ON IT, GOAT. HA! HA!

YOU LOW-DOWN, FOUR-FOOTED  
SON OF A THIEF, I'M GOING TO  
SHOOT YOU AND OPEN YOU UP  
AND GET MY MONEY BACK!

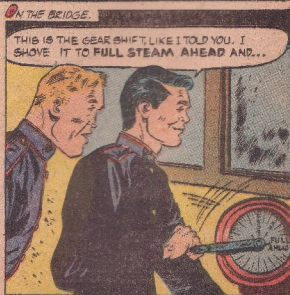
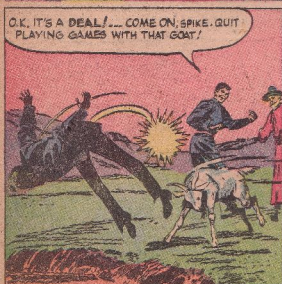
PLEASE! PLEASE!  
DO NOT HARM  
MY GOAT!

GLUP!

WHY SHOULDN'T I?  
HE ATE UP ALL  
MY MONEY!

PLEASE! PLEASE!  
SPARE HIM, I TELL  
YOU HOW TO MAKE  
MUCH MONEY, GREAT  
FORTUNE, YES!

BAA-AA!



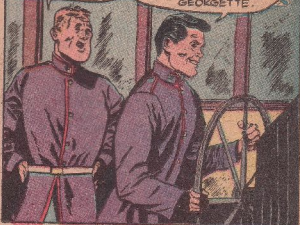
HOLY NELLY!  
SHE'S MOVIN' BAT!

HUM? WHY... AH... SURE, SURE SHE 'IS. GOT SEA-FARING BLOOD IN MY VEINS. IMAGINE THOSE DOPES ABANDONING THIS SHIP THIS IS GOING TO BE A CINCH, SPIKE. BUT DON'T FORGET I'M THE CAPTAIN, SEE?



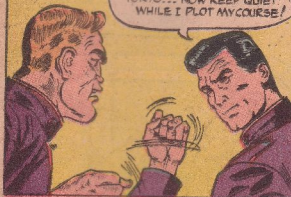
O.K. YOU CAN BE THE CAPTAIN FOR ALL I CARE... SO WHERE DO WE GO, CAPTAIN?

HEAD HER FOR TOKYO, NATURALLY. WE'LL COLLECT THE SALVAGE MONEY AND I'LL SEE GEORGETTE.



I AIN'T BUYING ANY PART OF THAT, I'M CALLIN' ON THAT LIL' PASSION FLOWER.

WE'LL ARGUE ABOUT THAT LATER, SKINHEAD NO SENSE GETTING HOT ABOUT IT NOW. WHY YOU CAN NEVER T-LL, YOU MIGHT FALL OVER THE SIDE BEFORE WE REACH TOKYO... NOW KEEP QUIET! WHILE I PLOT MY COURSE!



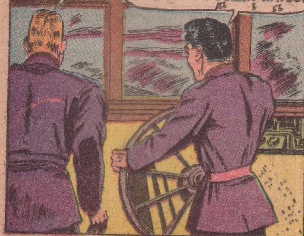
HOW DO YOU KNOW WHAT DIRECTION IS TOKYO?

HOW STUPID CAN YOU GET? JAPAN'S CALLED THE COUNTRY OF THE RISING SUN, ISN'T IT? SO ALL I HAVE TO DO IS POINT THE SHIP AT THE SUN AND WE'LL GET THERE!



HOLY NELLY, BAT! LOOK! FOG! WE CAN'T SEE THE SUN!

AH, DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT, I'LL HOLD HER THE WAY SHE WAS GOING BEFORE... OH, A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVES.



HOURS PASS AND NIGHT FALLS.

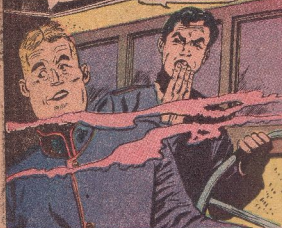
I'M STARVED AN' WE DIDN'T BRING ALONG ANY FOOD... GEE, I'M SO HUNGRY I'D SWEAR I SMELL BACON COOKIN'!

WHAT AN IMAGINATION... HEY! YOU GOT ME DOING IT. TOO, NOW I THINK I SMELL BACON!



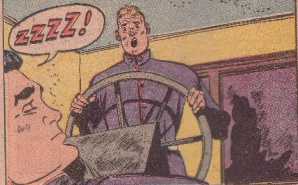
I SNIFF COFFEE!  
MAYBE WE'RE  
CLOSE TO LAND.

AW, STOW THE GAB, MUTTONHEAD!  
AND TAKE OVER THE WHEEL,  
HERE, I'M GOING TO CATCH  
FORTY WINKS!



LOOK AT THAT YARDBIRD SLEEPIN'... AN' ME DOIN'  
ALL TH' WORK... (YAWN) I'M GONNA TAKE  
FORTY WINKS MYSELF!

zzzz!

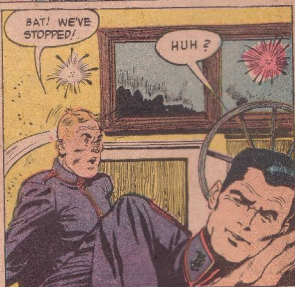


AND SO THE NIGHT PASSES...



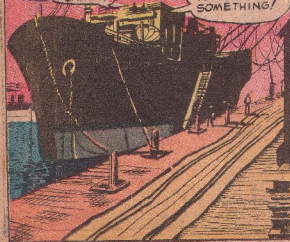
BAT! WE'VE  
STOPPED!

HUH?



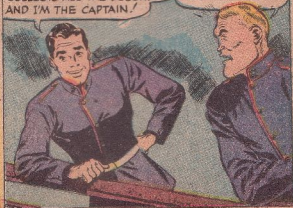
LOOK! WE'VE LANDED... BUT  
WE'RE BACK IN KOREA WHERE  
WE STARTED FROM. WE AIN'T IN  
JAPAN!

SUFFERING CATS!  
WE MUST HAVE  
MADE A WRONG  
TURN OR  
SOMETHING!



OH, WELL, I CAN STILL CLAIM SALVAGE  
MONEY. I'LL USE IT TO GO VISIT GEORGETTE.  
WHATA WHALE OF A TIME WE'LL HAVE...  
'TOO BAD, SPIKE. BUT IT'S A RULE OF  
THE SEA THAT THE CAPTAIN  
COLLECTS ALL THE DOUGH.  
AND I'M THE CAPTAIN!

YOU'RE  
GONNA  
BE A  
DEEP SEA  
DIVER IN  
ABOUT ONE MINUTE!





THERE THEY ARE, ARREST THEM!



THEY ARE GUILTY OF ATTEMPTED PIRACY ON THE HIGH SEAS!

PIRACY! SET US FREE, WE SALVAGED THIS SHIP!

YEAH! WHO ARE THESE LUGGS!

LATER

WHEN WE WENT AGROUND ON THE REEF, SIR, OUR STEERING APPARATUS WAS DISABLED. WE HAD TO SET UP AN AUXILIARY ONE IN THE STERN, LAST NIGHT RIGHT AFTER WE HAD COOKED A MEAL OF BACON AND EGGS AND COFFEE, ONE OF US WENT UP TO THE BRIDGE AND FOUND THESE TWO

NOW, THEY CLAIM THEY SHOULD GET SALVAGE MONEY AFTER WE BROUGHT THE SHIP INTO PORT!



WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO SAY FOR YOURSELVES? WE THOUGHT WE WERE ALONE ON THE SHIP, SIR. IT WAS THE GOAT'S FAULT. IT ATE MY MONEY SO NATURALLY I COULDN'T GO AND SEE GEORGETTE WHO STANDS ABOUT THIS HIGH AND HAS EVERYTHING INCLUDING BLUE EYES WHICH REALLY DO THINGS TO YOU. OF COURSE, SIR, IT WAS THIS MAN WHO STARTED IT ALL, SIR. HE SAID HE WOULD BE THE CAPTAIN...

CAPTAIN! WHY YOU NO-GOOD, TONGUE-TWISTIN' SON OF A PORROISE!

LATER

YOU AND YOUR BRIGHT IDEAS OF HOW TO SPEND OUR LIBERTY.

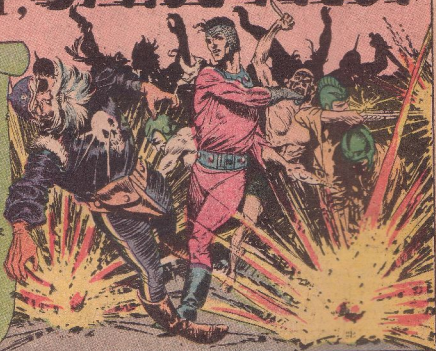
IF I EVER GET HOLD OF THAT GOAT... WHAT'S THAT?



THE END

# CAPTAIN COMET, *SPACE PILOT*

**W**HILE EARTH COUNTED ON A DESPERATE PLAN TO SAVE MANKIND FROM THE DREADED BLIGHT OF INTER-PLANETARY WAR, CAPTAIN COMET, THE ONLY MAN IN THE SYSTEM WHO COULD PUT IT INTO EFFECT, LAY A HELPLESS PRISONER IN THE HANDS OF THE NOTORIOUS CAPTAIN KIDD, KING OF THE VICIOUS SPACE PIRATES!



**T**HE STARHOPE, GREAT INTER-PLANETARY SPACELINER, LOADED TO ITS DECK WITH PLATINUM, MAKES ITS WAY TO JUPITER... TWO WEEKS HAVE PASSED SINCE IT LEFT EARTH SPACE-PORT--AND THE VOYAGE HAS BECOME TEDIOUS TO THE MANY PASSENGERS THAT ARE ON BOARD...



NOW THAT WE'RE WELL ON OUR WAY, COMMANDER HUGHES, I CAN TELL YOU MY REAL MISSION...



EARTH'S COUNCIL HAS COMMISSIONED ME TO DELIVER THESE PLANS OF THE NEW SHIPPING LANES TO THE GOVERNMENT OF JUPITER!

GREAT SCOTT! THE OUTER PLANETS WOULD GIVE ANYTHING FOR THIS! WHY-- WHOEVER CONTROLS THE LANES CONTROLS INTERPLANETARY TRADE!

EXACTLY! AND ONCE TRADE IS DISRUPTED, THE SYSTEM WILL ERUPT IN TOTAL WAR! THEN IT WILL BE TOO--

SIR... AN UNIDENTIFIED SPACE CRUISER IS ON OUR PORT SCREEN!

**A**LARMED BY THIS SUDDEN DEVELOPMENT, EVERYONE RUSHES OVER TO THE OBSERVATION PORT...

IT'S THAT MURDERING SPACE PIRATE-- JOHN KIDD!!

I'LL CONTACT HOME BASE AT ONCE! WE'VE NO TIME TO LOSE!



**D**READED JOHN KIDD, FAR-REMOVED DESCENDANT OF THE INFAMOUS SEA-PIRATE, CAPTAIN WILLIAM KIDD! CAPTAIN COMET REALIZES THAT THE SITUATION IS PERILOUS, FOR THE PIRATE IS ALSO IN THE SECRET PAY OF THE OUTER PLANETS!

ALL MEN TO POSTS-- PASSENGERS BELOW DECK...

**AA-00-O-E-E-E**

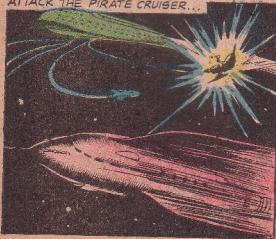
CALLING ORBIT BASE -- SPACE COORDINATES 23-W, 23-W... STAR-HOPE UNDER ATTACK... PROCEED IMMEDIATELY!

**R**IPPING OFF THE ANTENNA OF THE RADAR TRANSMITTER, CAPTAIN COMET HASTILY RECONSTRUCTS A PORTABLE BEAM SIGNAL DEVICE, AND...

NOW TO TIE THIS UNDER MY ARMPIT ALONG WITH THE PLANS JUST IN CASE...



**M**EANWHILE...PART OF THE STARHOPE'S CREW ZOOM OUT OF THE BELLY OF THE HUGE LINER IN THEIR SMALL SPACE CRAFTS AND ATTACK THE PIRATE CRUISER...



THERE GOES THE LAST OF OUR CRAFT! THEY'LL BOARD US IN A MINUTE. IT...IT'S HOPELESS.

NO! WE'LL FIGHT THEM BEHIND THOSE GIRDERS IN THE LOUNGE. THAT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!



**S**ILENCE REIGNS, AND TENSION MOUNTS ON THE HUGE LINER AS ALL AWAIT THE INEVITABLE. SUDDENLY, THE OUTER LOCK OF THE VESSEL IS FLUNG OPEN! THE PIRATE CHIEFTAIN, FLANKED BY HORDES OF LEERING HENCHMEN JUMPS INSIDE...



THERE'S... TOO MANY... WE CAN'T STOP THEM...

YOU'RE RIGHT! WE'LL HAVE TO SURRENDER IF WE WANT THE PASSENGERS TO STAY ALIVE!



**W**ITH THE FIGHT OVER A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE EVIL JOHN KIDD WALKS UP TO THE GRIM-LOOKING SPACE ADVENTURER... HE KNOWS!

AH... CAPTAIN COMET! I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO MEET YOU! WE HAVE... UH... LET US SAY, CERTAIN THINGS IN COMMON... SUCH AS THE PLANS!

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?



DON'T PLAY COY! SEARCH HIM!



**B**UT THE PIRATES ARE HASTY IN THEIR SEARCH AND THEY MISS FINDING THE TINY DEVICE STRAPPED TO CAPTAIN COMET'S CHEST...

WHUE! THAT WAS A CLOSE CALL! PRETTY CLEVER, AREN'T YOU? WELL-- WE'LL GET IT OUT OF YOU LATER-- AFTER WE KILL THESE SWINE!



HA, HA, HA...

STOP! THESE ARE INNOCENT PEOPLE! I--



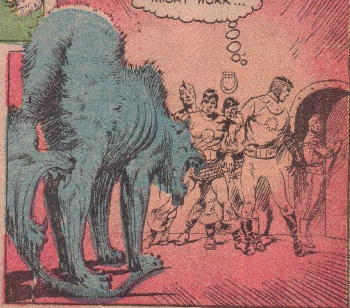
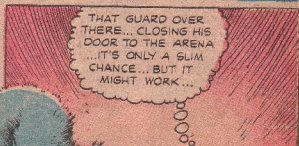
SILENCE, YOU--

UGH-H!





DURING THE ENTIRE TRIP, CAPTAIN COMET KEEPS TO HIMSELF, AWAY FROM THE OTHER MEN. FINALLY, THE PIRATE CRUISER LANDS ON THE SMALL PLANETOID OF XENOR, A BALL OF PRESSURIZED ROCK HIDDEN FROM THE NORMAL LANES OF INTER-PLANETARY TRAVEL...





MADE IT! NOW TO  
KEEP THIS DOOR OPEN  
FOR THE REST!

OOF!

THE LAST OF THE GROUP  
RUSHES INSIDE THE ENCLOSURE  
WHEN THE FIRST OF THE SLAVER-  
ING HOUNDS CRASHES AGAINST  
THE DOOR...

THIS CORRIDOR  
GOES SOMEWHERE... LET'S  
FIND OUT... WHERE!



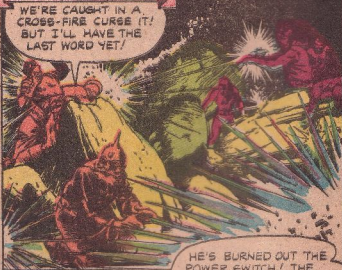
IN ANSWER, THE VENGEFUL PRISONERS SWEEP FORWARD TO  
THE PASSAGEWAY THEY KNOW LEADS TO THE CONTROL ROOM.  
BUT...

THAT'S RIGHT!  
CHARGE! HA-HA!



CAPTAIN COMET, HOW-  
EVER, IS NOT READY TO  
ADMIT DEFEAT...

WE'RE CAUGHT IN A  
CROSS-FIRE CURSE IT!  
BUT I'LL HAVE THE  
LAST WORD YET!



HE'S BURNED OUT THE  
POWER SWITCH! THE  
PLANETOID WILL BE COM-  
pletely AIRLESS! COME  
ON! WE'VE GOT TO  
GET TO THE SHIPS!

TRY GETTING  
OUT OF THIS,  
CAPTAIN COMET!



WHAT'S  
THAT?



**T**HE MEN RUN QUICKLY TO THE TAKE-OFF PORTS ONLY TO SEE THE PIRATES BLAST OFF INTO SPACE!

I HOPE YOU ENJOY XENOR BECAUSE YOU'LL BE STAYING ON IT FOR A LONG TIME! HA-HA-HA!



**N**EXT--A SERIES OF STACCATO BLASTS DESTROYS EACH PIRATE VESSEL TO THE LAST MAN! A FEW SECONDS LATER, THE LAST OF THE WORLD COUNCIL'S SUPER-DREADNIGHTS LANDS AT THE PORT...

WE'RE SAVED!

THANK HEAVEN! THEY HEARD MY SIGNALS!



**T**HE PIRATE FLAGSHIP ARCHES UP THROUGH THE PLANETOID'S ORBIT. SUDDENLY...

**L**ATER...

BUT HOW DID THE ARMADA APPEAR WHEN IT DID?

SIMPLY BY FOLLOWING THE RADAR IMPULSES OF THE BEAM-SIGNAL DEVICE I HAD STRAPPED TO MY CHEST!

I KNEW THAT THE BEAM'S FREQUENCY COULDN'T PASS THROUGH FLESH BECAUSE PROTOPLASM ATTRACTS RADAR IMPULSES! THAT'S WHY I HAD TO KEEP TO MYSELF ON OUR WAY TO XENOR. BUT I WAS ALSO FACED WITH THE PROBLEM OF TRYING TO STOP THE DEVICE FROM GIVING ME SKIN BLISTERS DUE TO ITS TREMENDOUS HEAT OUTPUT...



...AND SINCE THE PLANS HAD TO BE HIDDEN, I WRAPPED THEM AROUND THE DEVICE--THUS KILLING TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE! IT WAS A GAMBLE, GENTLEMEN, BUT ONE WHICH WE WON!

AND ONLY YOU COULD HAVE DONE IT, CAPTAIN COMET!



# ONE NIGHT IN SINGAPORE . . .

PICADILLY SAM was holed up in his one room on the fourth floor of a Singapore hotel. It looked more like a pigsty than a room. The furniture was pushed against the door. The lights were out. A jungle moon threw a yellow light, carrying the silhouette of the fire escape, into the evil-smelling chamber. Picadilly Sam was in his undershirt. His hair was mussed and his chin was covered with a black stubble through which coursed the perspiration of fear. Filthy in person, filthy in deed, Picadilly Sam had parlayed a thousand mistakes into a situation from which there was no escape. It was the end of the road. LaRoque's gunmen were on the roof, above him . . . and on the street below . . . watching his window. There was no escape. But his brain kept talking . . .

"I can hear 'em on the roof," his brain whispered and Picadilly Sam screwed his eyes upward. "They're walkin' back and forth, waitin' for me to show. LaRoque's got me all boxed in. No way out. Except in a wicker basket."

There was a scratchy sound in the hallway and Picadilly Sam flung a frightened glance at the barricade he'd erected. "They're still out in the hallway," his brain whispered. "Waitin' for me to come out. They'll wait a long time! I ain't walkin' out into no cloud-full of slugs."

Picadilly Sam nervously struck a match and lighted the half-burned cigarette in his twitching mouth. "But who am I kiddin'?" his brain droned on. "I can't stay here forever. If LaRoque don't get me, the cops will. I'm surprised the coppers ain't shown yet. Maybe it's because they don't know where I shack up. But I ain't kiddin' myself. They'll be here."

Suddenly the window glass shattered. Something whizzed across the room and struck the wall with a thud. Picadilly Sam went limp with anguish. A pineapple! They'd chucked a pineapple into his room! But it COULDN'T be a pineapple, his brain told him. It didn't go off. Picadilly Sam took a closer look at the round thing lying in a yellow patch of moonlight. It was a rock with a piece of paper tied around it. A message!

Like a cat, he pounced on the rock. He tore the paper feverishly from the stone. He recognized the handwriting immediately. It was neat, cold, impersonal . . . just

the way LaRoque was. Picadilly Sam's red-rimmed eyes flew over the fine script. This is what it said

"Dear Stiff—This is from your old pal, LaRoque. You remember me, don't you, Sam? You bumped off my brother last night for the Ho Sing mob. Right in the back you gave it to my kid brother. But in your usual dumb, fumbling way, you made the mistake of blasting the kid in front of a dozen witnesses. So the cops are a cinch to burn you, Sam. But I'm giving you a break. A chance to beat the hangman. I just learned the cops found out where you live. They'll be down here in an hour. So I'm giving you ten minutes to come out before my boys go in after you. If you come out, it'll be an easy death. Just a couple of slugs. Better than the noose. Sam. Come —"

Picadilly Sam read no further. He crumpled the paper into a ball. He savagely tossed the ball against the barricade.

"Go to blazes!" he screamed. "You ain't gettin' me! I'll kill myself first!" Picadilly Sam paused and stared at the .32 in his hand. "No. Not with this .32. A .32 don't do enough damage . . . I might get a slug in the skull an' live to climb the scaffold." Sam whirled and pulled a .45 out of the pocket of the shabby coat which hung from a hook on the wall. As he did so, an envelope fell out of the pocket. "This .45! One shot would blow my head off! It would happen quick, sure! No mistakes. Say . . . I dropped somethin'!" Picadilly Sam bent curiously. It was a brown envelope. Inside was a life insurance policy. He took out the thick, legal-looking document and shuffled through its stiff pages.

"My insurance policy!" he muttered. "A reminder from nowhere. The end's near for Picadilly Sam, so what turns up to remind him he's got responsibilities? His insurance policy!" Picadilly Sam sat down on the uncovered bed and stared ahead. "Best thing I ever did in my life, takin' out this policy," his brain told him. "Fifty grand gets split between the two kids when I croak. Hmmm . . . when I took 'em out two years ago, I never thought I'd be cashin' in so soon." Picadilly Sam's memory floated back through the years and recalled a woman. Tears rolled out of his eyes. "What a mess I made outa my life! I killed Gert . . . drove her to her death bed with my she-nannigans. My kids—they're in a boardin' school back home, like orphans, because

their dad's a bum who can't stop makin' mistakes."

Picadilly Sam remembered why the policy happened to be there. His agent in Singapore had called him just the day before and warned him to make a payment before the policy lapsed. He'd made the payment four hours before he bumped Leon LaRoque for Ho Sing. Suddenly, while staring at the policy and remembering, an idea struck him.

"I'll make it up to the kids! With my last livin' act on earth, I'll show the world there's some good left in Picadilly Sam. That I ain't *always* a lousy bungler." Picadilly Sam fumbled in his pocket for a pencil. Then, finding it, he balanced the policy on his knee and wrote a suicide note on its blank side. "To whom it may concern—I, Picadilly Sam Dawson, being of sound mind and sound body, swear that I'm sick of living and am going to commit suicide. Give my love to my two kids and tell them I was thinking of them at the last minute.—Signed, Sam Dawson."

No sooner had he finished writing this when a horrible thought struck him. Maybe there was some clause in the policy *against* his committing suicide! Feverishly he read the small print, looking for the proper section. Torturous minutes later, he found it. He felt sick. There it was. A three year clause against suicide and the policy wasn't yet in effect for three years.

What was he going to do now? His kids—They were all he had in the world now. A world which didn't even think he could feel father love. "Sure," his brain murmured to him. "You know what the world thinks about you, Sam. You're just a trigger-happy punk with no brains, who always makes mistakes."

Picadilly Sam grimly stood up. His lips became a thin, hard crease. His brain was sparking now. He'd show them! Picadilly Sam had made his last mistake! Nobody would laugh at him now. For the first time in his lousy life, Picadilly Sam Dawson would do some GOOD! No more mistakes! He tossed his .45 onto the bed and squared his shoulders. He put his policy in his pocket and jutted his chin out firmly.

"I know what I've got to do, an' I'm goin' to do it!" he muttered. "If LaRoque kills me, my kids collect. Okay. For the first time in their lives, they'll know they had a father who thought about 'em. Who gave his LIFE to them!" Picadilly Sam looked out of the window. "I'm wipin' out

all my mistakes at one clip! I'm going to let LaRoque kill me! A good, clean bump-off. Won't even take a gun with me, so I won't be tempted to fight back. They're waitin' down there. Okay, wolves, the lamb's coming'.

Picadilly Sam stepped out onto the fire escape. The goons on the roof and on the street pointed excitedly to him. Picadilly rested his back against the fire escape railing, looking up mockingly at his executioners. "See, punks?" he jeered. "A pipe cinch for you. The lead can only fly ONE way. Picadilly Sam is waitin' for his bump-off. Fog it in!"

LaRoque's goons gaped with astonishment. They were seeing a miracle. They raised their guns. But they never got to fire them.

There came a high squeal of ripped metal as the back of the rotted fire escape fell away behind Picadilly Sam's weight as he braced himself for the bullets. The railing fell toward the street and Picadilly Sam fell with it.

"Hey! Wait!" he screamed. "No! This ain't the way I planned it!"

But the railing was smashing against the gutter and the street was racing up to meet Picadilly Sam.

With a horrid, bone-shattering impact, it caught him.

An hour later, two policemen rippled through Picadilly Sam's personal effects. One of them found the insurance policy in Sam's pocket. He noticed the writing on the reverse side and nudged his companion.

"Get this," the policeman said. "If this isn't like Picadilly Sam. The selfish rat!" He flipped through a few pages of small print and pointed to the clause marked "LIMITATIONS." The second policeman peered over his shoulder. The first policeman read aloud the clause that referred to suicide.

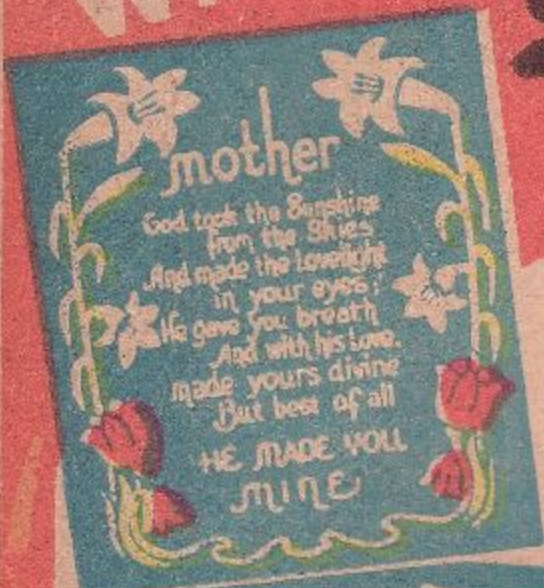
"How do you like this bum!" He lifted his gaze from the page. "Couldn't even see that his kids were well provided for when he knew his number was up! All he had to do was take a couple of slugs from LaRoque's gunmen to leave his kids \$50,000. But what did he do? Take a dive!"

"What do you expect from these punks," said the second policeman. "They think of nobody but themselves!"

THE END

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